



The Mirror  
= OF  
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,  
AND  
INSTRUCTION.

VOL. I.



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or 4*l.* 10*s.* per cwt. such 100lbs. were formerly sold for 6*s.* 8*d.* only, and in quality well worth 300lbs of the present day; the price of barrels being now 22*s.* though formerly only 9*s.*; coals being 24*s.* or 26*s.* a chaldron, though lately but 12*s.* or 13*s.*; the great and excessive prices of all manner of victuals, and charges of housekeeping; the high and extravagant rent of houses, far exceeding that given when the rates of Henry the Eighth were fixed; are no longer able to utter or sell such good and wholesome ale and beer as is fit for the said city to be served withal, but at the expense of their own utter undoing." What effect this petition had, does not appear; but it seems, that, during the whole reign of Elizabeth, the demand from foreign countries for English beer continued to increase, and that the liberty of export was only occasionally checked by the occurrence of scarcity or dearth at home.

During the succeeding reigns, to the present time, as the wants of the state have become more urgent, new duties have been imposed on malt and hops, by which, it is well known, a large revenue is raised, and the price of malt liquor very considerably increased.

The Brewers' Company was incorporated by Henry VI. in the year 1438. The chosen Patrons of the Company were the Virgin Mary and St. Thomas à Becket, and they originally bore the arms of the Saint impaled with their own. But after he had been unsainted, and his bones taken up and burnt, by order of Henry VIII. the arms were separated, and the Brewers had a new crest granted them, in lieu of the bearings of the Saint.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### MOUNT RHADAMANTH; OR, THE NEW PERE LA CHAISE.

The first Consul of France, in the year 1804, issued an edict that there should be no more "funerals performed" within the walls of the metropolis. He had caused as many funerals to be performed as most people, in other places; but seemed determined that his "good City of Paris" should be exempt from any thing which might clash with the cry of "Vive la Bagatelle." To this interdiction, the inhabitants, independently of a diminution of doctor's fees, owe the laying out of that interesting cemetery Mount *Saint Louis*,

more commonly called *Pere la Chaise*. There, in poetical embalmment, repose the remains of marshals, merchants, cooks, milliners, poets, and coffee-house keepers. Their various parts performed above, there they rest in harmony below, undisturbed even by the propinquity of Madame Raucour.

It is a trite observation, that the French invent and the English improve. Certainly, of English church-yards in general, it may be said in the words of the auctioneer, "the whole capable of great improvement." The survivors have at length become aware of this. The citizens of London are at last convinced that a sitting-room and a bedroom, looking into a confined church-yard, in Bush-lane or Aldermanbury, are calculated to cause the proprietor to follow the defunct at a quicker pace than was anticipated. The Lord Mayor (I tell it in confidence) has accordingly ordered that no more funerals shall take place within the bills of mortality. A mount, called *Primrose-hill*, situate between London and the village of Hampstead, and commanding a fine view of the metropolis, has been pitched upon as a receptacle of the future dead. It already possesses a respectable sprinkling of graves. Before, however, I write a description of its various monuments, the mention of graves reminds me so forcibly of an anecdote of "Necker's fair daughter, Stael the Epicene."

that I shall die a second time if I do not relate it. That celebrated lady, a few years ago, visited this huge metropolis. Hardly was she safely deposited at the Golden-Cross, Charing-Cross, trunks and band-boxes inclusive, when she inquired of the waiter if he could direct her to the tomb of Richardson. The crier of "Coming, Sir," was not a little astonished what a lady, on a drizzling November afternoon, could want with a tomb: in a moment be thought him of Richardson the tavern-keeper in Covent-Garden; but having, the day before, purchased a sixteenth of a lottery ticket, he jumped to another conclusion, namely, that Richardson and Goodluck were the parties inquired after. He, therefore, taking it for granted, that the first-named of that firm must have paid the debt of nature, directed the authoress of Corinne to Mr. Goodluck in Cornhill, the supposed surviving partner. Away, in a hackney-coach, drove our fair traveller to Cornhill: pushed quickly by a dapper clerk in the front shop, who was tempting two servant-maids with a collection

of eighths and sixteenths, held up between his fingers like thirteen cards at whist, and accosting a tall thin man perched in a pulpit, inquired for the tomb of Richardson. "The tomb of Richardson, Madam?" said the amazed manager, "Mr. Richardson, I am happy to inform you, never was in better health. He has just set off in Butler's coach for Clapham Rise. Here must be some mistake. What Richardson do you mean?"—"The divine Richardson."—"Divine! Oh! a clergyman—I really cannot tell. You had better inquire of the bookseller of that name over the way." Here, upon our heroine's mentioning that the dead man she meant was the immortal author of Clarissa, the bookseller was casually enabled to put her upon the proper scent, by informing her that the deceased lay buried in the parish church of Saint Clement Danes, in the Strand. Back through Temple-bar incontinently drove the enamoured pilgrim;—invoked the sexton from his glass of brandy and water;—aided by a lantern (it was now dark) found the sacred sepulchre—a flat stone, close to the parish-pump, green with age, and muddy with Sabbath pedestrians;—and, falling prostrate upon the cold marble, had reason to congratulate herself when she arose, on not having paid her respects to the divine Richardson in her best apparel. This calamity, as the Coronation-herald said to George the Third, cannot happen again. No more huddling of poor dead folks together, like people in the pit on the late re-opening of Drury-lane Theatre. They will, hereafter, have the satisfaction of sleeping in a bed wide as that of Ware, or that of honour: in which latter, according to Sergeant Kite, "several hundred people may sleep together without feeling each other." But I detain you too long from a description of this recent London cemetery. Over its eastern gate is inscribed in guilt characters,

"Mount Rhadamanth, or  
The new Père la Chaise."

On my first entrance, I was agreeably surprised to find so much good taste exhibited in the laying out of the graves. The good old regular jog-trot of "Affliction sore long time I bore," "An honest man, a husband dear, and a good Christian, slumbers here;" or "Adieu, dear partner of my life," rhyming to a dead certainty with "wife," were utterly abolished. A pale-looking man, in black, indeed informed me that the trustees of the establishment had determined to dis-

card not only bad poetry, but fiction, from their monumental inscriptions.—

"Indeed?" said a man in striped trowsers beside me, "than how will they ever get good poetry? fiction is the soul of it." "Excuse me, Sir," said he in sable; "elegiac poetry should confine itself to fact: 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum,' is an antiquated axiom, which the biographer of Doctor Young very properly expelled, and introduced 'nil nisi verum' in its place. No man, Sir, can be buried here without producing a certificate of his character while in the land of the living: if that had been good, we allow his relations to blow a trumpet over his grave; if bad, they must pen an elegiac satire, or say nothing: and this rule is especially enforced when the epitaph is expressed in the first person singular. It is a little too bad, when 'etiam mortuus loquitur,' to find a sepulchre giving vent to a falsehood."—"Now, here, gentleman," said our guide, addressing a party of about half a dozen who had by this time entered the cemetery, "here is an instance of what I mentioned. This is the monument of Sir Giles January, citizen and goldsmith. At the mature age of sixty-one, he married Miss Myrtilla May, aged nineteen. In two years, he died of a swan-hopping dinner, caught at the Castle at Richmond. Consequently, at the period of his exit, he was sixty-three, and his partner twenty-one. Now, Sirs, 'in the olden time,' this monumental stone would have talked of 'partner dear, slumber here; mutual love, heaven above; heart from heart, forced to part;' and 'all that sort of thing.' To all which averments, gentlemen, the trustees of Mount Rhadamanth entertain only one objection; namely, that not one syllable of them would have been true. Step this, way, Sir, if you please: you, Madam, had better stand upon that flat stone on the right: and now let us see what the gentleman has to say for himself." I glided, ghost-like, between a young woman in a lilac bonnet, and a swarthy man in green spectacles, and read what follows:—

I left a wife, when dead and gone,  
On earth, one-third the age of me:  
Her years were only twenty-one,  
While mine, alas! were sixty-three.  
Oh thou! who weep'st thy "best of  
men,"  
Bethink thee, Love, who next suc-  
ceeds:  
Wear black six little months, and then  
Bid Hymen's roses choak thy weeds.

"Who weds the second kills the first"—  
How could old Shakspeare write such  
stuff?  
*My corse will ne'er its cerements burst,*  
My will is proved, and that's enough!

"Upon my word," cried a youngster decorated with an eye-glass and a sky-blue cravat, "that dead man is a mighty sensible fellow. Should anything happen to me, I shall be proud of his better acquaintance.—' My will is proved, and that's enough.'—Capital. ' *Multum in parvo.*' Stop! I'll pop it down in my pocket-book: it will make an excellent addition to my sister Morgan's album:—Quite a bit!—she's at this moment in mourning, as black as a crow, for old Marmaduke Morgan, her Indigo-grinding husband, who left her fifteen hundred a year: sole executrix too: what has she to do with sables? Stay! ' Who weds the second kills the first.' Egad! I don't remember that in Shakspeare: I'll take my oath it's neither in the Honey Moon nor Venice Preserved."

The agent of the trustees of Mount Rhadamanth now led us up a sloping and rather circuitous path, pleasantly shaded by willow and cypress trees; during our progress through which we caught glimpses of divers grave-stones, bearing the customary English decorations, namely, bald-pated old men with scythes, skulls with cross-bones, bourglasses, and cherub heads with full-blown cheeks. "To confess the truth, gentlemen," said our guide, "the Arts have not hitherto made much progress in England. We could not, at the outset of the establishment, positively object to these backnied ornaments; but they do us little credit: our comfort is, that they stand sentinels over personages whom Nature 'manufactured when she made a Grose'—mere John Wilsons of this parish, and Martha Wadesons of that parish, and George Simpsons of t'other hamlet; very respectable people in their line, but not calculated to confer much credit upon the new *Père la Chaise.*" At this moment, I observed that the young woman in the lilac bonnet had, with two female companions, stept over three ignoble graves, and was busied in decyphering the inscription npon a very smart monument of yellow and green marble. "Ah! ladies," ejaculated the man in black, "that is worthy your notice: that is the tomb of Miss Fanny Flight! a celebrated beauty in her day: the green and yellow marble denotes the melancholy cause of her demise."

"No doubt," interrupted the youth with the blue cravat,

"And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like Patience on a monument," As Ben Johnson says. Egad! I thought I should whip in something at last."—The guide looked a reproof at the impertinence of the stripling: and, to a question from one of the ladies, as to what caused her death, answered, "A lover, madam."—"Oh, Sir, a rejection, I suppose."—"No, madam, an offer; nothing more, I assure you." "Die of an offer?"—"Yes, of an offer; read the epitaph: the lady, after death, confesses her errors with as much readiness as she denied them during her life."

The partner of partners, the belle of the ball,

And caring for none, though I smiled upon all,

I flirted, a season, with all that I saw,  
The parson, the merchant, the limb of the law;

The squire and the captain were fish in my net,

Which gain'd me the name of the Village Coquette.

Years gather'd, and robb'd me of swain after swain:

Time snaps, link by link, the most obdurate chain.

The parson adored a rich widow at Kew,

The merchant ran off with the niece of a Jew,

The lawyer eloped, being rather in debt,

And the squire "stole away" from the Village Coquette;

The Captain, false pirate! for life took in tow,

A wharfinger's daughter at Stratford-le-Bow.

When lo! pert and priggish, all congees and shrugs,

Approach'd to adore me—a dealer in druggs!

I shudder'd—I sicken'd—I paid Nature's debt,

And died, sad and single, a Village Coquette.—

"Hah! lively and lyrical enough," cried the quoter of Ben Johnson: "she seems to have died like the swan, with a song in her beak."—"What!" exclaimed a pale-looking girl, who walked arm-in-arm with ber of the lilac bonnet, "died because she was courted by the apothecary! Impossible."—"It is too true, I assure yon," said the man in green spectacles. "I knew Miss Flight

perfectly well: I once asked her to dance myself, but my green spectacles were an insurmountable obstacle:—though I believe my evening coat had a black velvet collar; I rather suspect that helped to alienate her; at all events she told me she was engaged:—there her conduct was indefensible:—but, as ‘touching the apothecary,’ I think she was quite right. To be courted by an apothecary is a very serious matter.—It is quite enough to kill any decent young woman. In every village within seven miles of the metropolis, there is a race of birds, a race of beasts, and one bat!”—“One bat? Lord! what has that to do with it?” said young Eye-glass. “I will explain,” continued the narrator: “The squire, the merchant, the justice of the peace, and in some few cases, the attorney, being the upper folks, I call the hirds. The butcher, the blacksmith, the exciseman, the tailor, and the gingerbread-baker, being the lower folks, I denominate the beasts. The apothecary flutters between both: he feels the pulse now of the merchant’s lady, and now of the gingerbread-baker’s wife: is a little above par in the hack parlour of the butcher, and decidedly below par in the drawing-room of the squire; I, therefore, call him the bat. Miss Flight never could have married him: that was out of the question: so, her ammunition being all exhausted, and the birds not having been brought down, she did, what Bonaparte should have done at Waterloo—she quitted Love’s service in disgust, and boldly ventured on the world unknown.”

At this moment, our sibyl in black looked down a by-path; and observing two women in deep mourning, made a motion to the party to stand aside, and let the mourners pass. This hint was decorously complied with. The sisters—such they evidently were—seemed to be between thirty and forty years of age, and with faces hid in deep black veils, hastily passed the party, and walked towards the gate of the cemetery. “Ah!” cried the guide, when they were out of hearing, “that is a lamentable case. Those are two maiden sisters. Their means are but small, and of course they lead but solitary lives. They had taken a beautiful little girl under their protection, in whom all their affections were centered. She, poor thing, was taken off last month by a fever. They never pass a day without coming to her grave. I see they have gone through the gate; so we may venture to look at it.” The

monument was an humble one, and the inscription was as follows:—

Sacred  
To the memory of  
Phoebe Lascelles,  
who died  
The 4th of September, 1822.  
Aged 7 years.

Affliction’s daughters saw this flower arise,

Beheld it blossom, fann’d by Zephyr’s wing,

And hoped—too fondly hoped—that summer skies

Would guard from blight the progeny of spring.

Affliction’s daughters saw this flower decay:

By them ’twas raised—by them ’tis planted here,

Again to soar above incumbent clay,  
And bloom eternal in a happier sphere.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### A TWIST-IMONY, IN FAVOUR OF GIN-TWIST.

*An humble imitation of that admirable Poem, the Ex-ale-tation of Ale, attributed by grave authors to Bishop Andrews; on which point is to be consulted, Frances, Lord Verulam, a celebrated Philosopher, who has been lately be-scooped and tendered by Macreey Napier, Esq.*

At one in the morn, as I went staggering home,

With nothing at all in my hand, but my fist,

At the end of the street, a good youth I did meet,

Who ask’d me to join in a jug of gin-twist.

“Though ’tis late,” I replied, “and I’m muggy beside,

Yet, an offer like this I could never resist;

So let’s waddle away, sans a moment’s delay,

And in style we’ll demolish your jug of gin-twist.”

The friends of the grape, may boast of rich Cape,

Hock, Claret, Madeira, or Lachryma Christ,

But this muzzle of mine was never so fine,

As to value them more than a jug of gin-twist.

The people of Nantz, in the kingdom of France,  
Bright brandy they brew, liquor not to be hiss'd ;  
It may do as a dram, but 'tis not worth a damn,  
When water'd, compar'd with a jug of gin-twist.

Antigua, Jamaica, they certainly make a Grand species of rum, which should ne'er be dismiss'd ; It is splendid as grog, but never, you dog, Esteem it as punch, like a jug of gin-twist.

Ye Bailies of Glasgow ! Wise men of the West ! Without your rum bowls, you'd certainly *tristes*. Yet I laugh when I'm told, that liquor so cold Is as good as a foaming hot jug of gin-twist.

The bog-trotting Teagues, in clear whisky delight, Preferring potsheen to all drinks that exist ; I grieve, ne'ertheless, that it does not possess The juniper smack of a jug of gin-twist.

Farintosh and Glenlivet, I hear, are the boast Of those breechless heroes, the sons of the Mist ; But, may I go choke, if that villainous smoke I'd name in a day with a jug of gin-twist.

Yet the Celtic I love, and should join them, by Jove ! Though Glengarry should vow I'd no right to enlist ; For that Chief, do you see, I'd not care a bawbee, If strongly entrench'd o'er a jug of gin-twist.

One rule they lay down is the reason, I own, Why from joining their plaided array I desist ; Because they declare, that no one shall wear Of breeches a pair, o'er their jugs of gin-twist.

This is plainly absurd, I give you my word, Of this bare-rump'd reg'lation I ne'er saw the gist ; In my gay corduroys, can't these philibeg boys Suffer me to get drunk o'er my jug of gin-twist.

In India they smack a liquor called rack, Which I never quaff'd, (at least that I wist;) I'm told 'tis like tow in its taste, and if so, Very different stuff from a jug of gin-twist.

As for porter and ale—'fore Gad, I turn pale, When people on such things as these can insist ; They may do for dull clods, but, by all of the gods ! They are hog-wash'd when match'd with a jug of gin-twist.

Why tea we import, I could never conceive ; To the mandarin folk, to be sure, it brings grist ; But in our Western soils, the spirits it spoils, While to heaven they are raised by a jug of gin-twist.

Look at Hazlitt, and Hunt, most unfortunate pair ! Black and blue from the kicks of a stern satirist ; But would Myneher IZZARD once trouble their gizzard, If bohea they exchanged for a jug of gin-twist ?

Leibnitz held that this earth was the first of all worlds, And no wonder the knck was a firm optimist ; For 'twas always his use, as a proof to adduce, Of the truth of his doctrine, a jug of gin-twist.

It cures all the vapours and mulligrub capers ; It makes you like Howard, the philanthropist ; Woe, trouble, aud pain, that bother your brain, Are banish'd out clean, by a jug of gin-twist.

You turn up your nose at all of your foes, Abuse you, traduce yon, they may if they list : The lawyers, I'm sure, would look very poor, If their clients would stick to their jugs of gin-twist.

There's Leslie, my friend, who went ramstam to law ; Because PETRE had styled him a poor Hebraist ; And you see how the jury, in spite of his fury, Jug of gin-twist. Gave him comfort far less than one

And therefore, I guess, Sir, the *celebre* Professor,  
 Even though culpably quizz'd as a mere sciolist,  
 Would have found it much meeter, to have laugh'd at old PETRE,  
 And got druk with Kit North o'er a jug of gin-twist.

Its medical virtues \* \* \* \* \*  
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 \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* a jug of gin-twist.  
 By its magical aid, a toper is made,  
 Like Brockden Brown's hero, a ventriloquist;  
 For my belly cries ont, with an audible shout,  
 "Fill up every chiock with a jug of gin-twist.

Geologists all, great, middliog, and small,  
 Whether fiery Flutonian or wet Neptunist,  
 Most gladly, it seems, seek proofs for their schemes,  
 In the water, or spirit, of a jug of gin-twist.

These grubbers of ground (whom God may confound!) Forgetting traosition, trap, hornbleode, or schist.  
 And all other sorts, think only of quartz,  
 I mean of the quarts in a jug of gin-twist.

Though two dozen of verse I've contriv'd to rehearse,  
 Yet still I can sing like a true melodist;  
 For they are bnt asses, who thiok that Puroassus  
 In spirit surpasses a jug of gin-twist.

It makes you to speak Dutch, Latio, or Greek;  
 Even learniog Chinese very much 't would assist:  
 I'll discourse you in Hebrew, provided that ye brew  
 A most Massorethical jug of gin-twist.

When its amiable stream, all enveloped in steam,  
 Is dash'd to and fro by a vigorous wrist,  
 How sweet a cascade every moment is made  
 By the artist who fashions a jug of gin-twist!

Sweet stream! there is none but delights in thy flow.  
 Save that vagabond villain, the Whig atheist;

For done was the job for his patron, Sir Bob,\*  
 When he dared to wage war 'gainst a jug of gin-twist.

Don't think, by its name, from Geneva it came.  
 The sour little source of the Kirk Calvinist—  
 A fig for Jack Calvin, my processés alvine  
 Are much more rejoiced by a jug of gin-twist.

Let the Scotsman delight in malice and spite,  
 The black-legs at Brookes's, in hazard or whist;  
 Tom Dibdin in books—Micky Taylor in cooks,  
 My pleasure is fix'd in a jug of gin-twist.

Though the point of my nose grow as red as a rose.  
 Or rival in view a superb amethyst,  
 Yet no matter for that, I tell you 'tis flat,  
 I shall still take a pull at a jug of gin-twist.

There was old Cleobolus, who meaning to fool us,  
 Gave out for his sayiog, *to metron arist!*  
 But he'd never keep measure, if he had but the pleasure  
 Of washiohg his throat with a jug of gin-twist.

There are dandies and blockheads, who vapour and boast  
 Of the favours of girls they never have kiss'd;  
 That is not the thing, and therefore, by jing,  
 I kiss while I'm praising my jug of gin-twist.

While over the glass, I should be an ass,  
 To make moving love like a dull Platonist,  
 That ne'er was my fashion, I swear that my passion  
 Is as hot as itself for a jug of gin-twist.

Although it is time to finish my rhyme,  
 Yet the subject's so sweet I can scarcely desist;  
 While its grateful perfume is delighting the room,  
 How cao I be mute o'er a jug of gin-twist?

\* Sir R. Walpole; justly turned out for taxing gin. He was the last decent man who committed Whiggery, nevertheless.

Yet since I've made out, without any  
doubt,  
Of its merits and glories a flourish-  
ing list,  
Let us end with a toast, which we che-  
rish the most;  
Here's "God save the King" in a  
glass of gin-twist.

Then I had him good night in a most  
jolly plight,  
But I'm sorry to say that my footing  
I miss'd;  
All the stairs I fell down, so I batter'd  
my crown,  
And got two black eyes from a jug  
of gin-twist.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## The Novelist.

No. IV.

### THE CONTRAST.

There are few sweeter pictures in human life, than the union of two lovers; there are few more distressing than their separation. I was witness to a scene of the former description some years ago, in the capacity of hrideman; and, not long after, to one of the latter, in the quality of mourner. There was a contrast between these situations so powerfully impressive, that although I had no immediate interest either in the hridal or the burial, I seldom pass an hour in solitude without an involuntary recurrence to what passed at them; I seem but this moment to have quitted the altar—I almost feel the fresh earth of the grave giving way under my feet.

Henry Morel was the dearest friend I have ever known. An attachment had subsisted between him and a very lovely girl since they had been children; when he became of age he married her, and I was at the wedding. This ceremony, under almost any circumstances, is a delightful one to behold; but when beauty, elegance, and wealth shed their combined lustre over the scene, it is not to be paralleled on earth. The bridegroom was in the full vigour and pride of youth; of a noble countenance and a manly form; his manners were usually serious, but, on the present occasion, his eye lightened with animation, and there was a tenderness in his voice and gesture when he addressed the fair creature who had just committed herself to his arms, that shewed how dearly he loved her. His bride, without being the most beautiful, was certainly the most interesting woman it has been my chance to meet with. She was now

doubly so; her cheek was flushed, her lip trembled, there was a contention between joy and modesty and hope and fear in her looks; but it was not difficult to collect that in her breast, happiness was predominant. The hridal assembly were all life and gaiety; the marriage feast was an uninterrupted scene of mirth and festivity. Joy was triumphant for his hour.

About a fortnight after, I received a pressing letter from my friend to go down to his seat in the country, where he was at present with his young bride. The letter was filled with descriptions of his felicity and with praises of his dear Eveline; her beauty, her amiability, her accomplishments; she was all that was good and fair and gracious; he was happier (to use his own expression) than the happiest man on earth, and he besought me to "come down and witness his beatitude." It was impossible to resist an invitation which promised so much pleasure.

Upon my arrival at the manor-house, I was shewn into a library, where the chaplain received me. "If you wish to see Mr. Morel, he is in that apartment," said the clergyman, pointing to an open door. I entered, and found myself in a darkened bed-chamber. O! one moment told me all! There was a marble figure stretched upon the bed; a heavy and overpowering smell of herbs and flowers filled the room; every thing was clothed in deadly white. My friend sat by the bed-side, with his hands locked, and his eyes fixed upon the statue. I approached, but he took no notice of me. "Poor Eveline!" said I, bending over her, "thou wert a short-lived flower!" A smile seemed to gather on the lips of the girl as I said these words, a smile between regret and resignation. She was in her wedding-dress, in which, as I afterwards learned, she had desired to be buried. There was no other covering, and as I brought to my recollection her appearance on the day of her marriage, she seemed in nothing altered but that she was now still and pale. "God of heaven! if she only slept!" said I, touching the lily hand that lay motionless beside her. A chill shot up through my arm, and froze the very blood next my heart. My involuntary exclamation roused Henry from his torpor; he gazed at me for some time, then pointing to the body, as if to inform me of what was already too plain, "Eveline is dead," said he,